

# Some Items for Feminine Fancy

## WEALTHY WOMAN AN ARTIST.

Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney Has Talent of High Order.

Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney is a real artist. There is not any doubt of that. The fact that she is Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney rests lightly upon her mind. She does not consume her time talking about it. Mrs. Whitney has artistic talent of a high order. She can really do things; not merely dabble in them, as have some of her own set. When August Belmont decided to erect the highest hotel in New York, Gertrude Vanderbilt "struck him for a job."

She aspired to do something that was worth while. She wanted to see her creation actually doing duty in every-day life. So up in her little studio at Newport, a small fisherman-like hut on the rocks of Ochre Point, and down at Westbury, L. I., she designed some very beautiful and practical things. One of them was for the steel portico to shelter the entrance of the Belmont hotel. She submitted the design and it was accepted. And a most impressive and massive piece of structural work it is. The heroic figures of the caryatides that support the girders around the great lobby of the same hotel are also the conception and work of this young society matron. They are the wonder and admiration of everyone who sees them. The four seasons are each typified by a head and torso. Fruit, flowers, corn husks, ears of grain, tassels and leaves ornament the figures, though almost gross, bewitching in their imagery. The faces are eager and full of spirit and imagination.

The male and female Spring typify youth and gaiety. Garlands of buds and flowers decorate their locks and torsos. Summer is laden with a chaplet of fruits, apples, pears, grapes and peaches. Autumn is replete with ripened grain and corn husks. Winter is represented by age, and his beard is festooned with holly. Salieri, a Parisian sculptor, was imported to execute the designs.

And now it is announced that she will establish herself in business just as any other ambitious young sculptress, who did not inherit \$10,000,000 from her father and marry a multi-millionaire, would have to do. She has taken an old brick stable in McDougal Alley, back of the north row of old-time mansions in Washington square, and will carry out her long cherished plans of having a studio in the atmosphere of real artists and sculptors, for McDougal Alley is suis generis in New York, and is as haughty and aristocratic as Millionaire's Row, on Fifth avenue. One must have done something to get spoken to down there. No "Bohemians" need apply. During the past year Mrs. Whitney has spent much time at the historic estate, Hotwick hall, long known as the Whitney "hunting box" in England. A half a million dollars has been spent upon the place by Harry Payne Whitney and his artistic wife, who has had the opportunity to beautify the estate, and restore many of the ancient designs. At Aiken, S. C., at October Mountain, at Newport and in New York, the Whitneys have splendid establishments.

## SHE REMOVES HER SHOES.

Mrs. Iselin, Newport Belle, Takes Off Footwear at Luncheon.

NEWPORT, Sept. 21.—Mrs. Iselin, who is putting up at a small Dresser street boarding house, takes luncheon and frequently dinner at the Chiffs Hotel. Upon all occasions she makes herself comfortable. Should a dainty shoe pinch a dainty foot, it is promptly removed. She is one of the best types of young matrons at Newport. She is always tastefully yet simply gowned, never permits a hairdresser to touch her hair, never makes a vulgar display of jewels, never fails to notice the people she has met, or speak to them, never permits herself to be carried away to Bailey's by the other woman's husband, never fusses over foreigners as though they were better than Americans, never fails to devote as much time to her two-year-old baby and her husband as to her social engagements, never says an unkind word of anyone, and, above all, never tries to impress one with the fact that she is Mrs. Iselin. Since she is a daughter of the Willie Jays, these charming traits are all the more surprising. Mrs. Jay is all right, but she isn't exactly like her daughter.

## SOMETHING LIKE IT.

Bride and Groom Showered With Coin of the Realm.

DES MOINES, Sept. 21.—Instead of linen and china and such frivolous sorts of wedding gifts, Raymond W. Spencer and Miss Emma Tramborg, who were married here the other night, got something substantial from their friends. The bridegroom is a

popular member of the Eagles, and they all attended his wedding.

The ceremony was performed at the home of Rev. H. E. Van Horn, and when the happy words were spoken the guests rained a shower of greenbacks upon them. Ones, twos and fives fluttered at the feet of the couple in profusion. They received about \$500.

## HIPS MUST GO.

Dressmakers Rule Men Shall Be Protected.

NEW YORK, Sept. 21.—"Hips must go" is the edict of the Dressmakers' Protective association, composed of judges of feminine fashions from many cities of the United States, which is holding its sixty-first annual session at Masonic Temple here, to pass on and adopt styles. The decree of this association is that curves must be done away with as much as possible, and straight lines be encouraged.

Miss Elizabeth A. C. White, president of the association, who goes abroad annually to study fashions and who generally is very frank in her comments, said today the reason for abolishing curves was to stop the temptation presented to men by the sensuous figures which women make of themselves.

"Do you really think curves have a demoralizing effect on men?" she was asked.

"Do I? Of course I do," Miss White replied. "I am a woman of experience. I have been all over the world, and I know. Young men are led to fall from grace by the figures of women have been affecting for the last few years. It is only human nature, and the women are to blame."

"Do you think the new style of straight gowns will be as beautiful as those with graceful curves?"

"Oh, yes. They may seem funny at first, but they will be modest and decent, and a thing can't be beautiful, in my opinion, if it is indecent. The great trouble will be to get all women to adopt the new style. But when they see the moral reason for it, they will look at it as I do."

"Pads will be a thing of the past. The busts will be as straight and compressed at the hips. We are going back to the years of the past when people had some modesty and respect for themselves. The new dresses will much resemble the colonial costumes."

## IS SOON DESERTED.

Lonely Wife Has Sounded Every Note in the Gamut.

SPOKANE, Wash., Sept. 17.—Ten days of wedded life as the result of an advertisement in a New York newspaper resulted in Mrs. Charles Fleming, formerly of Butte, appearing in the probate court of Shoshone county, Idaho, east of Spokane, with a complaint in which it appears she sounded every note in the matrimonial gamut. Love, marriage, widowhood, divorce, desertion and robbery figure in her life story.

Mrs. Fleming recited her first marriage was when she had passed her sixteenth birthday. It was followed by a divorce three years later, her husband being accused of attacking her with a knife and with cruelty and desertion.

In this case she had changed her maiden name of Mary Stewart for that of Mrs. Eugene Struthers. Then she married Frank Preston, a business man of Butte, and for several years her happiness was all that could be desired. Preston was attacked by thugs on the way home, was shot and died in the hospital a few days afterward.

Mrs. Preston recently answered the advertisements of two bachelors in a New York newspaper, and a correspondence in which photographs were exchanged, resulted in appointments with William Battel of New York and Charles Fleming of Kansas City.

Mrs. Preston married Fleming, who had been engaged in the mining business, and on the day that the ceremony took place Battel arrived on the scene. The newly made bride and Battel had a lively interview, in the course of which the man said that he had resigned his position in New York and had been put to considerable expense on the trip to Butte.

Mrs. Fleming claims that his representations of himself as being tall and handsome were not strictly in accordance with the truth. The photograph which he had sent her was an excellent work of art, but, being in profile, it had failed to show that one of his eyes took a northwesterly direction, while the other searched the southeasterly horizon.

The photograph only showed his head, and while the tallness was all that he had represented he had failed to state that he was round-shouldered almost to deformity. The result of it all is that Battel is said to be about to file an action for damages

for the loss of his job in New York and for the recovery of his expenses from New York and return.

This appears to have been the least of Mrs. Fleming's troubles. Fleming came up to the standard of manly appearance required; physically he appears to have been a regular Apollo, but his moral and mental characteristics, she declares, would have graced Mephistopheles.

Ten days after their marriage, Fleming borrowed \$1000 to start in business, and since that time there has been a missing bridegroom. He was traced as far as Wallace and from there it is believed by the bride he went to Spokane or is somewhere in the Puget Sound country.

## ONLY GETTING UP NERVE.

Guests at the table nearest the fountain looked with some astonishment upon the young man at the corner table, who seemed to be delivering a spirited oration for the benefit of his two women companions. The head waiter told them not to be alarmed.

"He is only practicing an after-dinner speech," he explained. "A lot of young chaps who are not used to after-dinner speaking, and who expect to be put down for a speech at some banquet soon, learn to stand on their speaking legs, as you might say, by practicing before their friends who dine with them in a public place of this kind. I have seen men perform their little stunt before half a dozen different sets of friendly critics before venturing to face a roomful of banqueters. They seem to prefer to do their practicing in a restaurant rather than in their own homes. Maybe that gets them used to a crowd and helps create confidence."

## AMERICAN STARTS FAD.

Gay Girl Has Everyone at Marienbad Wearing Sprig.

LONDON, Sept. 21.—Every other person at Marienbad is just now wearing a tiny Alpine blossom in his or her coat. Few people seem to know how edelweiss acquired this vogue. It seems the first morning the king arrived at Marienbad, a beautiful American girl came forward and, as he was having his glass of water, presented him with a small bunch of edelweiss, which she explained would "bring him good luck." King Edward has courtly manners for all women. Moreover, he is peculiarly susceptible to beauty. He raised his hat, bowed low and accepted the flowers, requesting the donor to pin a blossom into his coat.

Ever since his majesty may be seen with a bloom from the Alps in his buttonhole. It goes without saying that all Marienbad is following suit.

His majesty has been anxious to discover the identity of the American well-wisher, but so far without success. Some think it is Gladys Vanderbilt, who is now a bright particular star at Carlsbad and a constant visitor at Marienbad. Why the girl should continue to remain incognito it is difficult to say, unless it to add greater mystery to a picturesque event before eventually disclosing her identity.

It is quite clear the American girl who presented the flowers knew something of King Edward's weakness in regard to courtesies of the kind, or she would scarcely have risked making the presentation. The king glories in romantic attentions of this kind, particularly when a touch of mystery is added to them.

## LILLY DROPS NAME.

LONDON, Sept. 21.—Lady de Bathe, best known as Mrs. Langtry, has dropped the name of "Mrs. Jersey," under which she used to run horses on various race tracks. At Goodwood she appeared as Lady de Bathe and was photographed as such on the race course.

## WHAT FELL.

"John, what was that awful noise in the bathroom just now?" "Don't worry, my dear," replied John sleepily. "It was merely a crash towel falling."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

## GIRLS! GIRLS!

"He thinks I'm the sweetest of girls in town." Says my beauty has fairly upset him. He thinks I'm as airy as peach-blown down. And he now wants to call; shall I let him?"

"Well, dear," said her friend, "if you're really wise." Her arm in her bosom chum's linking.

"And would still remain such in his fervent eyes. I would let him continue his thinking."

—Town Topics.

# ORIGIN OF THE OLD SWASTIKA

## PRIMITIVE MAN WORSHIPED IT, AND NOW THE SUMMER GIRL WEARS IT.

The swastika is just now having remarkable vogue as an ornament for woman's dress. As a brooch, belt buckle, stick pin, collar fastener, or hat pin, this upright cross, with each of its four arms bent to a right angle at the end, meets everywhere the eye.

Nearly every woman who buys one knows that it is in some sense a "good luck pin," but how it came to be considered such and where the peculiar and curiously attractive symbol originated not so many know.

What is the swastika?

It is one of the great religious symbols of the world. It has been recognized as a religious emblem by more people, very likely, than has the cross itself. As such symbol it is very many hundreds of years older than the Christian era; in fact, it is perhaps the very earliest of religious signs or characters. It has been revered all over Europe and Asia, and long before the dawn of Christianity our pagan ancestors looked up to it as the emblem of what they worshiped. It is one of the oldest things in history, and there is scarcely a land in whose ruined temples it is not found.

"Swastika," the name given it by the Brahmins and Buddhists of India, is a Sanskrit word signifying "of good fortune." In the Pall tongue it is "suti," which means "it is well," or "so be it," which is much the same meaning as the Sanskrit word. The Japanese call it "manji" and the Chinese know it as "ouan" or "wan." The French call it "le croix pattee," the footed cross, while the ancient English name is "fylfot," meaning either four-footed or many-footed.

The most puzzling and most interesting thing about the swastika is that it is found in nearly all parts of the world, in this country as well as in Europe and Asia, wherever archaeologists dig up the buried cities of the remote past. Drawn, painted, cut, woven, scratched or otherwise designed, not only upon burial urns and sacrificial stone, but also upon utensils and objects of everyday use, the curious symbol appears.

It has been found among relics that mark the bronze ages in Europe and some antiquarians believe they have discovered the fact of its existence in the so-called polished stone age of man.

Prof. Schliemann found it at Hissarlik in the buried cities that underlay the ancient Troy, of which Homer sang, which indicates its existence at a period from 3000 to 3500 years ago.

By those who look upon the region to the northwest of India as the primal home of the blonde races of the world, that ancient land is also looked upon as the birthplace of the swastika. R. P. Greg, an eminent English authority, argues that "it was a much used and favorite religious symbol among the earlier Aryan races, and was intended by them, in the first instance to represent in a cruciform form an ideograph or symbol suggested by the forked lightning." Our primal white forbears worshiped Dyauositar (Jupiter), the sky father, and the jagged lightning was the natural emblem of this awful power.

So with the successive emigrations of the Aryans from northern India all over Europe, the swastika spread and, adopted as a symbol of Buddha in the seventh century before Christ, it was later carried into China and Japan. The Arabs and Jews knew it not, nor did the ancient Egyptians, but they were not of Aryan blood.

Thus the hammer of Thor, the Scandinavian deity for whom Thursday is named, was this very swastika which the maiden of today is using to ornament a summer shirt waist. It was with his mighty hammer, Mjolner, that Thor is fabled to have crushed the head of the Midgard serpent, destroyed the giants, restored to life the dead goats which drew his car, and consecrated the pyre of Baldr the beautiful. And so it was the great religious emblem of all the Scandinavian peoples. Longfellow, describing in his verse how the newly converted King Olaf kept Yuletide at Drontheim says:

O'er his drinking horn the sign He made of the cross divine, As he drank and muttered his prayers; But the Berserks evermore Made the sign of the hammer of Thor Over theirs.

And when the wave of Christianity rolled over western Europe, Yuletide and the hammer of Thor and many another pagan idea became assimilated with the new religion and appeared in gentler guise. The swastika is embroidered in the miter of Thomas a Becket, and is often intro-

duced in religious decoration in the middle ages.

"Bells were often marked with the fylfot, or cross of Thor," says S. Baring-Gould, "especially where the Norse settled."

A most striking illustration of the adoration paid the swastika is to be seen in the Boston museum of fine arts. This is a huge painting on silk, used in a temple decoration in Japan 600 years ago. It pictures the Buddha enthroned, surrounded by hosts of adoring saints and deities, and above him, on either side, an angelic form. But between these and directly above his head, in the center of concentric circles cushioned on a cloud, is a splendid swastika. Glittering in silver white against the dull brown tones of the background, it seems the motif of the whole picture, and dominates the figures below as might the cross of Constantine when first it filled the sight.

It is one of the signs by which Buddha is to be recognized when he comes upon earth; and Sir Edwin Arnold in "The Light of Asia" makes Asita, the aged saint who examined the Sakya Buddha at his birth, find upon his baby foot sole—the soft-curved tendrils of the swastika. And so the tiny images and the gigantic statues of Buddha show in many a case the swastika upon his feet, while in others it appears in the center of his forehead.

Mr. Wilson of the National museum at Washington discovered it embroidered on the silk robes of attache Chung of the Chinese legation at Washington and was told that it was an ancient Chinese device signifying "many years" or "long life" and in general an emblem of good fortune.

Major General Gordon found it on the breech chasing of a Chinese cannon captured at the Taku forts.

Rev. F. G. Chalfant, missionary at Shantung, writes in Science that "it is among the mystic Chinese characters, is called 'wan,' and is a favorite with the Chinese."

And not only in the orient, but in the most remote corners of Europe is the swastika to be found. It is among the remains of the early lake villages of the Swiss. The Finns and the Lapps know it. It is on the early Grecian pottery and vases. Germanic museums show it as an ornament on early bronze ceintures and the Scandinavians stamped it deep in their weapons of war. It began before history.

The puzzle of the archaeologists, however, is its appearance in this country many hundred and perhaps thousands of years ago. It has been discovered carved on shells in prehistoric burial mounds in Tennessee, silhouetted on copper plates in Ohio tumuli, carved on a stone metate from Nicaragua, and at the present day the Kansas Indians draw it on their song charts. It is woven in the bead necklace of the Sac women, painted on the ground rattle of the Pueblos, figures in the dry sand painting of the Navajos, ornaments the beadwork of the Kickapoos and decorates the bullhide war shields of the Pimas of Arizona.

But where did the ancient mound builders and the modern Indians get it?

Did they think it up themselves—and it certainly is a rather complicated thing to think up; or is it that the primal inhabitants of the new world came from the old and brought swastika with them?

But in the sculptured ruins at Palenque in Central America appear not only the cross but also three other great religious symbols, the "triskeles," the "yinyang" and the Egyptian "crux ansata." And whether this proves that the western continent was peopled from the old world, or whether it indicates that primitive man's ideas were the same everywhere, archaeologists are not agreed.

But when the twentieth century girl sticks her swastika in her shirt waist she should know that knees bent before it and eyes were uplifted to it in the dawn of the world, when man first sought to make the sign of that which he worshiped.

## ROBBED IN CHICAGO.

California Beauty Is Victim of Well Dressed Man.

CHICAGO, Sept. 21.—Mrs. Viva Kemker, former artist's model and "belle of the golden west," reported to the police to day that while she was writing a telegram in the office of the Postal Telegraph company she was robbed of a gold watch valued at \$500. She was waiting in the office, the clerks being busy at the time, when she was accosted by a stranger. She ignored his advances and was about to turn and leave the building when the man grasped her diamond-studded watch and ran.

Mrs. Kemker, who is known as the handsomest woman in California, screamed and started in pursuit, but her assailant was soon lost. Aside from the actual value of the watch the owner feels the loss greatly, as it was a gift from artists for whom she posed before her marriage to a scion of one of the leading families of Los Angeles. Her friends assert

that she is the most beautiful woman in California.

The police are investigating and an arrest is expected soon which may shock the classic suburb of Evanston, N. W. settled.

## WOMEN WORK ABOUT MINES.

South African women are employed in large numbers about the famous mines. They are useful in carrying in loads, especially of firewood. For women labor is cheap, and along as they are left alone to take as much time as they like, they are all right. On the west coast also an investigator found that native women had been tried against native men, and were found to be by far the best and cheapest. There they were on piecework. Their task was to carry in about a cord of wood a day. They would start about 4:30 p. m., and carried for three, four or five hours. Then, if they wanted to get off, they would carry another cord of wood in the afternoon, or a part of it.—Chicago Tribune.

## TOO BUSY.

"I suppose you visited all the points of interest while you were abroad?" said one young woman.

"No," answered the other, "we were so busy addressing post cards to our friends that we hadn't time to do much sight-seeing."—Washington Star.

## ON THE OTHER HAND.

"Anyway," said the young widow of a year's standing, surveying her comely features in the mirror, "there seems to be no public prejudice against a woman marrying her deceased husband's brother."—Chicago Tribune.

## HER LAST HOPE GONE.

"I simply can't help telling you again that I love you," said Percy Vere. "Can you not hold out any hope?"

"I did hold out one hope," replied Miss Bute wearily, "but that's gone now."

"What was it? I'm sure I—" "I had hoped you wouldn't mention the subject again."—Exchange.

## AFTER THE SHOW.

Sweet Singer.—The leading man does not get so many curtain calls since he has been married.

Comedian.—No; I think he gets more curtain lectures. — Chicago News.

## BENEATH THE CHANDELIER.

I saw her at the dinner table 'neath the chandelier; I caught my heart with anguish and I looked at her with fear, For I knew my fate was near at hand, I saw my finish near; But I wish I hadn't seen her in the morning.

Beneath the chandelier with its shades of rosy red, Beneath the chandelier right above her

Beneath the chandelier I saw my finish near; But I wish I hadn't seen her in the morning.

Her face was like a garden where the rose and lily grew, The diamond in her raven tresses sparkled like the dew, And the lovelight fairly melted in her lovely eyes of blue; But I wish I hadn't seen her in the morning.

Beneath the chandelier, with its ruby colored glow, Where Cupid tuned his music to a pitch almighty low, Beneath the chandelier

I saw my finish near; But I wish I hadn't seen her in the morning.

Ah, how I loved and worshiped her no tongue can ever tell, Nor how I felt to hear her speak in tones like a bell; Nor how I dared to watch her as her bosom rose and fell; But I wish I hadn't seen her in the morning.

Beneath the chandelier, right above her pretty head, It was there I nearly fainted when she asked me for the bread. Beneath the chandelier

I saw my finish near; But I wish I hadn't seen her in the morning.

In the morn she looked as homely as a scraggly woman can, I felt my heart come back to me—she had an awful pan— And I stumped off to the Elevated feeling like a man; But I wish I hadn't seen her in the morning.

Beneath the chandelier as it hung above her head, My love was born last evening, but this morning it lies dead. Beneath the chandelier

No longer feel I fear; But I wish I hadn't seen her in the morning.

—N. Y. Evening Sun.